



Paramount star Ellen Drew, who co-starred with Robert Preston in Paramount's "Night Plane from Chungking." Don't tell us that Preston was lucky—we always thought night flying was fascinating.

WHY WAS the MARIE CELESTE ABANDONED?

It is the strangest story of the seven seas. And there is crime in it.

On December 13th, 1872, the *Dei Gratia*, a Nova Scotian brig, bound from New York to Gibraltar, sighted a brigantine, adrift and abandoned, about 200 miles from the Portuguese coast. She showed no signs of having encountered heavy weather. There had not been heavy weather. All her sails were set, but she was yawing about aimlessly.

Captain Moreshead, of the *Dei Gratia*, boarded her. Mystery quickly added to mystery. The brigantine was the *Marie Celeste*, which had left New York early in November bound for Gibraltar with a cargo of 1,700 barrels of alcohol and ten people aboard—Captain Briggs, his wife, his three-years-old daughter, a mate, a cook, and five seamen. Four of the seamen were Germans.

All in order

The timber and cargo were intact. The sea was calm. Everything on deck was in order.

Below, in the fore-castle, the seamen's chests were in their places, no clothing having been taken out in sudden emergency.

There were several razors lying about, bright and untarnished, just as the seamen had left them after shaving. Garments which had been washed were hanging on a line to dry.

In the cabin was a harmonium, with its cover raised, and on the music rack above was a sheet of music. Above the harmonium was the skipper's watch, on a lamp bracket.

On the table were a pen, an uncorked bottle of ink, and next these was an unfinished letter which began "My Dear Fanny." There was a sewing machine, with a child's garment still fixed in it. On the wall hung a sheathed cutlass. When this was unsheathed it was noticed that there were stains on it that looked like blood. Captain Moreshead ran his thumb along the blade and found that the stains were merely rust.

The ship's log was in a drawer. The last entry made was dated November 24th. If the ship's company had abandoned her on that date the *Marie Celeste* must have been yawing about for three weeks. No other ship's papers were to be found. Her only boat, a yawl, was missing from the davits.

"Dear Fanny"

Captain Moreshead of the *Dei Gratia* had known the *Marie Celeste* and Captain Briggs. Moreshead had, indeed, been a suitor for the hand of Mrs. Briggs before she married her husband. The handwriting in the letter which was addressed to "Dear Fanny" was not that of Captain Briggs. It was the handwriting of the mate, a man who was reputed to be a regular bully over his crew.

There was not a single thing on board the derelict to account for the disappearance of her company. There was nothing unusual in her gear—except one baffling exception.

From one side of the ship's starboard bow a narrow strip of wood had been cut away for about eight feet. This strip was half an inch thick and one and a half inches wide.

Being satisfied that the *Marie Celeste* was without a living soul aboard, Captain Moreshead brought her into Gibraltar with his own ship. There he handed in a report. An inquiry was held by the Admiralty, presided over by Captain Fitzroy, of H.M.S. *Minotaur*, to which was submitted the report made to the Board of Trade by Mr. S. Flood, Attorney-General at the Rock.

I have examined the evidence, which is still preserved in London. An extensive search was carried out over a wide area in the hope of finding the yawl of the *Marie Celeste*. Not a single thing was found—not a lifebuoy, plank, or trace of the boat herself, not a survivor ever turned up to tell the secret. Nothing. The sea covers everything.

It is true that later one or two men appeared and gave accounts of their "sufferings," claiming that they were members of the ship's crew. Their accounts were printed; but every one of them was exposed as a fraud. There were no survivors.

UNSOLVED CRIMES—No. 2

By STUART MARTIN



Many guesses

Some years ago a film was produced, which was filled with drama and purported to be based on the mystery. It was guesswork. It contained no reference to Captain Briggs's little daughter, and, apart from Captain Briggs and his wife, the names of the characters were entirely imaginary.

Conan Doyle, Barry Pain, H. A. Vachell, and other writers, have had a go at building up "explanations." So has Commander Campbell, of B.B.C. fame. But these attempts have been supposititious. Not one of them has tried to explain the mutilation of the ship's bows, for one thing.

I can give you the official theory, the result of an inquiry in New York. It is based on two pieces of purely circumstantial evidence which were, at first, held to have no bearing on the mystery—first, that Captain Briggs and his mate were both given to boasting of how they could swim in their clothes; and, second, that the skipper had stated, before he left on the trip, that he feared his little daughter, being something of a tomboy, would give him and her mother some anxiety, and that he would try to fix up something to lessen the risk of her falling overboard.

The suggestion is that he fitted up a fenced pen in the bows for his daughter where she could play in fine weather.

The next theory is that both the skipper and the mate, while Mrs. Briggs was at her sewing machine, decided to have a "race" all standing in their clothes, and the ship was hoove-to; that one of the swimmers (maybe both) was, or were, attacked by sharks, and in the excitement the frail structure in the bows, on which Mrs. Briggs, her child and the crew were watching, gave way, precipitating them all in the sea; that the helmsman tried to lower the yawl but it was stove in, and he, too, fell into the water, and so all perished.

Plot ruled out

I cannot accept this explanation. Five seamen and a cook all guilty of unseamanlike lack of precaution!

Another theory is that the abandonment of the ship was a plot between Captain Briggs and Captain Moreshead, for the sake of the salvage money, and that everybody got a share—then disappeared to live on their fraud.

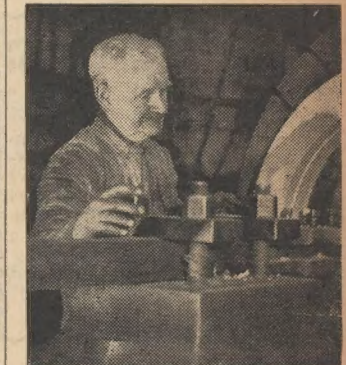
I cannot accept this either. It does not explain a number of points—the fact that the yawl and crew were never reported as having landed anywhere; the necessary complicity of Mrs. Briggs; nor is it in accordance with the known upright characters of Captain Briggs and Captain Moreshead.

Sticking out over all is the disappearance of the ship's papers. I cannot give an explanation that would be

other than conjecture. But it seems certain crime was present—crime of negligence at the best, crime of a deeper, terrible hue at the worst.

A madman could have wiped out the company. A criminal could have done it; two criminals. Ship's papers don't get lost accidentally. The motive of a criminal? Revenge on someone. The mate? There we are into conjecture. Have you another theory?

SUNDERLAND LAD—81



Mr. Harry Mills

FOR sixty years Mr. Harry Mills has been working at his lathe turning out important parts of ships' engines. Today at 81 he is just as keen as ever he was; in fact, keener, now there's a war to be won.

His time-keeping has been an example it would be very hard to beat, and he still works without spectacles, although his work needs precision instruments.

He has been awarded a gold watch for his faithful service with the firm. The managing director says of him: "In all the course of my engineering experience I have never known a man who has been able to stick at his job and still turn out good work for so many years. He is an outstanding example, both in industry and time-keeping, and an object-lesson to many of us in the way he comes to his job, sticks in, and get down to work at a time when the country is in great need of the engines we turn out."

Mr. Mills told us: "My only ambition is to live and carry on my job until the work is done, which will mean that the war has been won. It's not hard keeping good time if you are really keen on your job."

Mr. Mills had three sons and two daughters in the last war, and has a grandson fighting in this. He has been married for 57 years, and lives at Stoney Lane, Sunderland.

Britain is proud to have a man working for her who can keep the wheels turning in industry, to build more ships, when he has already been at his job for three score years.

News frae bonnie SCOTLAND

by our Scottish Correspondent

"SITTING Waiting Patiently for News," is the theme song of two West of Scotland soldiers serving in the Middle East.

Lance-corporal George Clarkston, of 684 Glasgow Road, Whitegates, Wishaw, and Private Denny McGhee, of 28 Loretto Street, Riddrie, Glasgow, wrote the words and the music, and sent the song home by air mail. The letter passed the censor, although it looked like a code.

Somewhere in the desert they were listening to a radio broadcast when they had the thrill of their lives—and they belong to the famous 51st (Highland) Division. Their song came over the air—and registered a direct hit. Neither is a novice at song-writing. They have composed many numbers for the Highland Division's entertainers, the Balmoral Concert Party.

BARLINNIE GOVERNOR.

NOBODY may be personally interested—but at the end of April Mr. William Finlayson, Governor of Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow, since 1935, retired on pension. He was in the locomotive department of the Highland Railway before he started as a warden at Greenock Prison in 1902. One of his daughters is a member of an Orthopaedic Corps in the Middle East; his son is a lieutenant-colonel in the R.A.M.C.

GREAT WORK.

THE veil of war will have to be lifted before the story can be told of the part which

Glasgow and its scientists and workers are playing in the development of radio communication and radiolocation.

Mr. Garro-Jones, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Production, stated at a production conference that Glasgow's effort along these lines is "second to none."

UNION FOR HARRIS.

WEAVING of Harris tweed on the island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, was stopped for a



period. Looms are busy again following a decision that a Harris tweed weavers' branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union is to be created.

PERFECT FIGHTER.

WING COMMANDER FINLAY BOYD, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, who hails from East Kilbride, has 22 Nazi planes in his bag. Here is his recipe for the perfect fighter pilot: 40 per cent. luck, 10 per cent. fighting ability, 25 per cent. eyesight, and 25 per cent. good shooting. His constant companion on the ground is an Alsatian which answers to the name of "Crash."

THE CHIEF.

MACKINNON of MacKinnon, Chief of the Clan of that name, has celebrated his 95th birthday. He is the oldest cricket Blue and Test cricketer alive. In 1879 he went to Australia with the English team. Still able to do a "spot" of walking and gardening, he confessed on his birthday that he occasionally lends a hand with the housework—but not too often!

HELENSBURGH ACE.

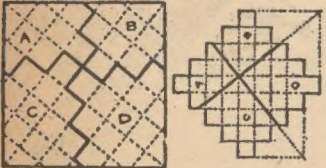
LIEUT. IAN LAUGHLAN M'GEOCH, D.S.O., one of the ace submariners named by the First Lord in the House of Commons, hails from Helensburgh, on the Clyde estuary. His wife is a daughter of Canon Hugh Farrie, of Sliema, Malta, and his marriage took place on the George Cross Island.

SAVINGS TARGET.

EMPLOYEES of Messrs. J. Brockhouse and Co., Ltd., a Clydebank firm, have as their war savings target the cost of eight tons of bombs and the expenses of a bomber's journey to unload them over Berlin.

Periscope Page

Solution to Yesterday's Puzzles



Cutting Into a Square

QUIZ for today

1. What is a "syzygy"?
2. Who was the George associated with Hallelujah? And the George of boxing in France?
3. What is the best speed of a homing pigeon?
4. What is the weight of a standard house-brick?
5. Why is a navy so called?
6. What are the names of the present Poet Laureate and his two immediate predecessors?
7. How many witches make up a "coven"?
8. How many people in England are named Smith?
9. Was Dick Whittington ever Lord Mayor of London?
10. Which English county is divided into rapes?
11. What is the width of the Thames at London Bridge?
12. In English law, how many crimes are punishable by death?

The great art to learn much is to undertake a little at a time.

Locke.

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.

Saadi.

Learning is an addition beyond nobility of birth.

Bhavabuti.

How to Write Verse—2

By LOUIS MacNEICE

HAVING got your subject—or, to put it more correctly, your subject having "got" you—what do you do next?

You proceed to put it into shape. What shape you choose should be to some extent dictated by the subject itself; e.g., the Limerick is an excellent form for a joke about beetles in the soup, but would not be appropriate to a serious treatment of the Fall of France or the death of someone you admire.

You must acquaint yourself with the range of traditional verse-forms; to do this, do not go to the text-books, but go to the poets themselves—to any fairly catholic anthology.

I recommend the "Oxford Book of Light Verse." And N.B.: Read these works aloud; you must get the movement of the verse into your ear.

There is a popular assumption, in this country at least, that rhyme is the chief characteristic of verse. This is incorrect. Most of Shakespeare, for example, is in "blank" (i.e., unrhymed) verse.

Follow the BRAINS TRUST

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

TO save using up land, can the bulk of the population be persuaded to live in flats, and if they could, would this be desirable? Some five million houses are to be built after the war, and if they all have gardens it's going to take up a lot of land. How are we going to build our new houses without covering the country with suburban dwellings?

Here are the Brains Trust's replies:—

Commander A. B. Campbell: "I think it's highly desirable that they should not live in flats, but in their own houses and have gardens, because from the state of Europe after this war we shall have to grow an awful lot of food in this country for Europe as well as ourselves, and I think the gardens are a very good idea that you don't get in flats. I don't see why, in building these houses,

they should necessarily spread all over the country. They should surely bunch them together, and have communal gardens if you like, but do let them grow food."

Mrs. M. A. Hamilton: "It's just that communal garden that Commander Campbell talks of that makes me very anxious to persuade people to accept the idea of flats. Anyone who saw the wonderful working-class flats lay-out in Vienna and other cities before the war realises that you can make a disposition of space if you gather houses together and make a small plot into a garden which is shared by people."

"The great thing is that people can get more real comfort and you can get a much better pattern if people won't insist on each having their front door flat on the ground. I should have to put in a plea for propaganda to persuade people that living in a flat doesn't mean sacrificing either privacy or a garden."

"The Doctor": "Before Mrs. Hamilton spoke, I rather thought that the issue was

whether it is better for every house to have a garden or whether that was going to mean an infringement on the open spaces of England. I hadn't any doubt at all that a garden was the answer, but Mrs. Hamilton makes it quite clear that you can have a garden and a flat. But I don't think whether people live in flats is going to be settled by health or gardens—it's going to be settled by flats having a restaurant attached to them—in other words, a scarcity of domestic servants."

Mr. James Laver: "There is one point I should like to make, and that is that we could house a great many people in London in very reasonable circumstances if we started by demolishing some of the dreary places which Hitler has half demolished for us already."

Mr. S. F. Rous: "In the big towns surely we shall also have to find spaces which can be converted into gardens if you want to put people into flats. You can only do that, I think, by demolishing quite a lot of the present-day buildings."

WANGLING WORDS—9

- 1.—A few words in the English language possess no rhymes, but poets get over the difficulty by cunning. "Window" is one such word—can you devise a rhyme for it?
- 2.—One of these words is misspelt. Which is it? Reciprocate, Parallelogram, Iliterate, Effervesce.
- 3.—Can you change the word PITCH into TENNIS, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: WET into DRY; PIG into STY; FOUR into FIVE.
- 4.—How many words of three letters can you make from the word POTTERY?

Answers to No. 8

- 1.—I HIRE PARSONS, and INTO MY ARM.
- 2.—Celeriac.
- 3.—ELM, ELL, ALL, AIL, AIR, FIE, FAR, OAR, OAK, HOOK, HOOT, HOST, HIST, FISH, WHY, WHO, WOO, WOT, NOT, COAL, GOAL, GOAD, GOOD, FOOD, FORD, LORD, LARD, YARD.
- 4.—MATE, TIME, MEAT, MUTE, TUNE, TINE, PINE, PAINE, RATE, etc., etc.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

America, are brought to this zone by the Gulf Stream.

Such was the region the *Nautilus* was now visiting, a veritable prairie, a thick carpet of sea-wrack, fucus, and tropical berries, so thick and compact that the stem of a vessel could hardly tear its way through it. And Captain Nemo, not wishing to entangle his screw in that herby mass, kept at a depth of some yards beneath the surface of the waves.

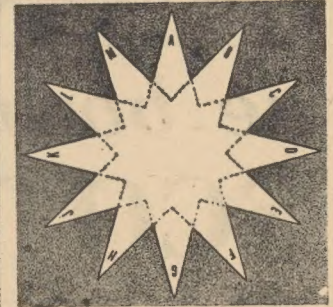
From that date, for nineteen days, from the 23rd of February to the 12th of March, the *Nautilus*, keeping in the midst of the Atlantic, carried us along at a constant speed of one hundred leagues in twenty-four hours. Captain Nemo evidently intended to accomplish his submarine programme, and I had no doubt that after doubling Cape Horn he meant to go back into the South Pacific.

We had then come nearly 13,000 leagues since our departure from the high seas of the Pacific. Our bearings gave us 45° 37' south lat. and 37° 53' west long. It was the spot where Captain Denham, of the *Herald*, ran out 7,000 fathoms of line without finding the bottom. There, too, Lieutenant Parker, of the American frigate *Congress*, was not able to reach the submarine depths with a line of 7,600 fathoms.

Captain Nemo resolved to send his *Nautilus* to the very bottom in order to verify these different soundings. I prepared to take notes of the result. The saloon panels were opened, and the manoeuvres necessary to reach such prodigious depths were begun.

Captain Nemo resolved to seek the oceanic bottom by a sufficiently elongated diagonal by means of his lateral planes, which were inclined at an angle of 45 degs. with the water-lines of the *Nautilus*. Then the screw was worked at its maximum of speed, and its quadruple branch beat the water with indescribable violence.

Puzzle of the 12-Pointed Star



NOTE that in this twelve-pointed star the points A and M are opposite to F and G. Points B and C are opposite H and J. Points D and E are opposite K and L.

Take the numbers 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24, and place them below the lettered points on the star in such manner that the sum of the numbers at M and A equals the sum of the numbers placed at F and G. The numbers you place at B and C are to equal those placed at H and J, and the numbers at D and E must equal those at K and L.

Under this powerful propulsion the hull of the *Nautilus* vibrated like a sonorous wire and sank regularly under the water. The captain and I, in the saloon, followed the needle of the manometer that rapidly moved. We had soon passed the habitable zone where most of the fish dwell. Some can only live on the surface of seas or rivers, whilst others, less numerous, inhabit greater depths. Amongst these latter I noticed the hexanch, a species of sea-hound, furnished with six gills; the enormous-eyed telescope; the cuirassed marmat, with grey thorax, black pectorals which protected his chest-plate of pale red bony plates; and lastly, the grenadier, which, living at a depth of six hundred fathoms, supports a pressure of a hundred and twenty atmospheres.

I looked at the manometer. The instrument indicated a depth of 3,000 fathoms. Our submersion had lasted an hour. The *Nautilus*, gliding on its inclined planes, was still sinking. The solitary water was admirably transparent and of a diaphaneity that nothing could depict. An hour later we were at a depth of 6,500 fathoms—about three leagues and a quarter—and still there was no sign of the bottom.

However, at a depth of 7,000 fathoms I perceived some blackish summits rise amidst the waters. But these summits might belong to mountains as high as the Himalayas or Mont Blanc, higher even, and the depth of these abysses remains unknown.

Continued on Page 3.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. (a) Switzerland, (b) France, (c) Russia.
2. From J. H. Logan, of Santa Cruz, California, in whose garden it first appeared.
3. At Firl Beacon, Sussex, in 1922.
4. One; Cape Cornwall.
5. Yes, in "Antony and Cleopatra."
6. J. M. W. Turner.
7. A bridge hand, with nothing above a nine.
8. A plant grown for fodder.
9. Capt. Marryat.
10. 1905. A fuller exposition was published in 1915.
11. In 1051, as the guest of Edward the Confessor.
12. Alaska. It was bought by the States from Russia in 1867.

JANE



Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



PEGGY

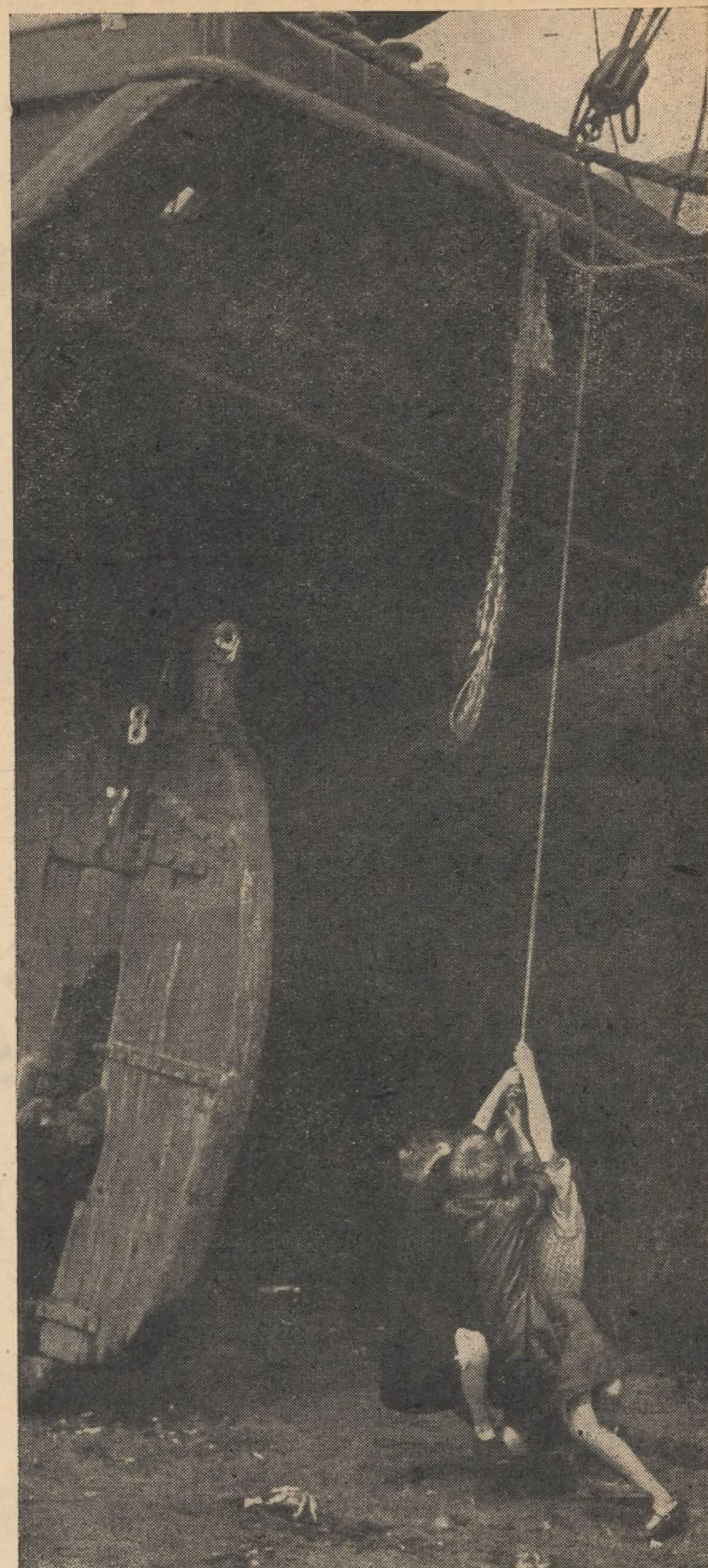
A PART from being a very beautiful young lady, Peggy, Windmill Theatre show-girl, is very talented.

In her scrapbook are cuttings telling of her rise to the London stage. There are also certificates she has gained in amateur photographic competitions, diplomas from swimming clubs, and reports of successes in cycle races.

Peggy was educated at a Convent School, and she disappointed the Mother Superior by declaring at the age of seven that she was going to become an actress.

Everybody tried to discourage her, they even forbade her to practise dancing. But she was quite determined and she practised in her spare time when no one was looking.

SWING TIME



Well—for-evermore—if those kids don't stop their tricks, that ship's due for a somersault. Maybe we're wrong, perhaps they're only singing sea shanties to swing-time.

The House is sitting

What we call a 'Secret Session'



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"China calling!"

